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## The Times' Daily Short Story.

### AFLOAT WITH THE DEAD

(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.)

One morning when the American ship Tornado was about fifty miles south of the Madeiras I was called to the look-out two hours after midnight. I was digging my eyes and fighting away sleep when a curious sound from over the bows caught my ear. It was a dark night, with not a star visible, and I could not see beyond the end of the jib boom. As I listened to the noise the only thing I could compare it to was the noses of sharks bumping against a small boat.

It would have been ridiculous to call to the mate and give him any such explanation, but I finally reported the curious noises and left the cause for him to find out. He brought up and lighted a port fire, and the glare illuminated the sea for a hundred feet around, and the first thing we saw was a ship's boat within half a cable's length of us on the port bow. In the bottom of the boat were two human figures, and one of them was a woman, and all around the boat the sea was alive with sharks. They were diving under the craft, running their noses against it and seeking in other ways to upset it. Had it been a shore boat it could not have withstood their attacks.

As soon as we caught sight of the boat the mate ran to call the captain. By the time he had arrived the boat had drifted right down against us, and one of the crew lowered himself down and fastened the painter. Then I got down to assist him, and we passed up the bodies—the man first. We might as well have dropped him into the sea, for he had been dead at least twenty-four hours. As we lifted up the woman, having not a doubt that she was also dead, she moved and uttered a groan and gave us a great fright. We had her on board in a couple of minutes, and the small boat, which was a captain's gig, new and without a name, was later hoisted up. We found the woman greatly exhausted through thirst and hunger, but with life enough to build hopes.

She was cured for so well that at the end of two or three hours it was reported that she had fallen into a deep sleep and would probably pull through. It may surprise you to learn how long that custody female slept. At intervals the captain raised her head to administer soup or drink, but not actually to interrupt her sleep, and she did not open her eyes till fifty hours had passed. Then sleep had brought her fully back to life. It was two or three days later, however, before we heard her story, or, to our great amazement, learned that there was no story to tell. The woman could remember nothing of the past—not even her name.

If you have read Clark Russell you will remember two such incidents in his books. You may have set them down as "nailor yarns," but such

things have happened on land a dozen times over. The woman awoke to find herself aboard a strange ship, with strange men about her. She was handsome and well formed, English in looks and speech, but she wore no jewelry and had neither a purse nor a cardcase. When asked how she came to be at sea with the man in the gig—whether she had visited Mad-ira or the Azores—whether she lived in England or elsewhere—she could tell absolutely nothing. She began a new life as she opened her eyes in the cabin of the Tornado.

To add to the romance, or, rather, to make a romance of it, our captain fell in love with the woman, and she returned the sentiment. She would have married him at the end of a few months, but he dared not chance it. He fully believed that she was already a wife and that word must come from her husband sooner or later. As for her, the past was dead. It was doubtful whether she would remember her husband if he came to claim her. She loved as any single woman might love.

When two years had passed away and no word had been received Captain Clark and the woman were married, and he took her to Wilmington, N. C., to reside. He made three or four trips to European ports after that and then quit the sea and established himself ashore as a ship chandler.

One evening four years after the wedding the captain of an English ship just in called at the chandler's in the way of trade. Something happened to be said about the Azores, and the stranger at once began a sorrowful story. Six years before while his ship was at the islands his wife attempted to return to the ship in the face of a squall, and the boat was upset and the occupants lost. They found neither boat nor bodies, but had no doubt about the calamity. The husband was nearly crazed with grief and was a victim of brain fever for many months. The story was not half told when Captain Clark knew that the woman's real husband stood before him.

Whether he would have suppressed the truth or boldly stated it no man but he can tell, but he was not put to the trial. The climax was a curious one, but in keeping. The stranger, who gave his name as Burke, was looking at Captain Clark in a puzzled way as he told his story, perhaps having some faint intuition of the truth, when a small anchor swinging from a beam above his head broke loose from its fastenings and fell upon and crushed the life out of him, and he was dead with the words of his story yet upon his lips.

Not a word was told the woman, and she died ten years later without the mystery having been explained to her. When the name Burke was mentioned to her it did not affect her in the slightest, and no more did the name of her husband's ship. The past was so completely dead to her that she would positively have refused to recognize her husband's claim. M. QUAD.

## A Mob's Cruelty

Story of the Lynching of a Mexican Girl in California.

How the Miners Revenged the Killing of a Comrade—A Tragedy of Days Long Gone.

We constantly hear in the talk of old Californians and read in the books written during the pioneer period of the almost fantastic respect in which the Californian of the fifties held women.

Yet it was in this very period, when the woman as a rare feature of contemporaneous life still stood on an exalted pedestal, that one, young and handsome, was openly and by the consent of a crowd of several thousand men lynched in the mining camp of Downsville. She certainly was the only white woman ever lynched in the



JUANITA PLUNGED THE KNIFE INTO CANNON'S CHEST.

cool light of day for a crime for which an impartial judge would have found mitigating circumstances and after a trial in which those few who had the temerity to attempt to defend her were kicked and hustled out of the court.

The story is one of the most dramatic and savage in the annals of the settling of the west. Rarely in modern times, never perhaps, was such deadly animosity shown toward a woman, young and apparently entirely defenseless. She was a Mexican, by name Juanita, twenty-four years of age and standing not quite five feet high. She was also pretty, with the dark skin and eyes and the shining black hair of her race. It is said that her character was not of the best, but at the time the story opens she was living quietly at Downsville with a monte dealer.

On the evening of July 4, 1881, there was a great celebration in Downsville. John B. Weller, then stumping the state as a candidate for congress, had arrived and made speeches on a platform raised in the center of the town close to the hotel. Miners had come in from camps and diggings for miles up and down the muddy length of the Yuba. It was said that there were 5,000 men in Downsville that night, and, as may be imagined, the hilarity was great. Among others who became exceedingly merry was Joe Cannon, an Australian, who, together with two kindred spirits, ranged through the camp drunk and jovial.

Cannon was one of the most popular men of the district. He is described as a cheerful, easy going giant, for he was over six feet in height and weighed 240 pounds. In their riotous course through the camp they arrived at the cabin of Juanita and the monte dealer. Here, dark and silent, the little shanty presented no sign of life or light. Such friends as the unfortunate Juanita had tried to win the clemency of her judges by stating that Cannon, with brutal language, had attempted to break down the door of the cabin. His friends the next day persisted that all he had done was to strike the door in a spirit of tipsy revelry, and so powerful was the blow of the giant that he burst it from its frail hinges.

The next morning when Cannon had recovered his senses he was told of the damage he had done. His friends declared that when he heard it he immediately announced his intention of repairing to the monte dealer's cabin and paying for the broken door. No one, according to the Downsville miners, had ever known Joe Cannon to do an ungenerous thing. It was said by the Mexicans that, whether he had come to the cabin for the purpose of payment or not, once there he had renewed the brutal and insulting language of the night before and that Juanita, crouched in a corner of the room, had listened to it still and fiery-eyed.

Whatever words passed Cannon came to the open doorway, whence the broken door hung loose, and, standing with a hand on either post, looked into

the cabin. Suddenly from the corner where she sat Juanita rose and rushed upon him, drawing from her clothing a long knife. The attack was so unexpected that before Cannon could move she had driven the knife hilt deep into his chest. The force of the blow for one so small and fragile was amazing. Cannon fell where he stood, stricken to the death. He was carried away and laid on the puncheon floor of a half built shanty in the middle of the camp. From here the news of the attack flew like wildfire through the town and up and down the banks of the Yuba. Such miners as had not attended the Fourth of July celebration dropped their picks and shovels and turned their faces to Downsville. By the hundreds they stood round the body of the dying man, by the hundreds they filed in and out, taking a last look at him as he drew his labored breaths. He lived an hour. At 11 o'clock he was dead, and 2,000 men walked through the camp to the house of Juanita.

She was ready for them, made no attempt to plead for mercy and showed not the least fear. One of the most remarkable things in the whole remarkable story is the demeanor of this woman. She unquestionably killed Cannon in return for real or imagined insults. Having killed him, she seemed quite satisfied to pay for her revenge with her own life. There was a stoical, almost cynical, calm in the manner she faced the situation that added a last touch to the grisly horror of the whole performance. She asked for a moment's delay in order to arrange her dress and make her will. This she did verbally; then, calm and tranquil, surrounded by the 2,000 miners, she walked to the platform that had been used the day before for the Fourth of July exercises.

Here a travesty of a trial took place. Juanita sitting, ever calm and sometimes smiling, in the midst of her judges. The camp was by this time in a frenzy of excitement. There were men who realized that one of the most barbarous acts in the history of the far west was about to be perpetrated and attempted to stem the tide. Dr. C. D. Aiken rose up and testified that she was not physically in a fit condition to be hanged. He was howled down and driven from the platform. A Mr. Thayer of Nevada then lifted himself above the mob by standing on a barrel and began to make a speech in her defense. The barrel was kicked from beneath him, his hat and glasses fell off, and he was hustled through the crowd.

In the hotel overlooking the scene was John B. Weller, the candidate for congress. Some one rushed in to him and pleaded with him to address and try to quell the fury of the mob. But the gentleman, evidently feeling his eloquence not equal to the occasion, refused. He had probably seen the treatment awarded the two champions of Juanita and deemed the moment one where silence was golden. So, left to her fate, Juanita was tried, found guilty and led to execution.

The four hours that elapsed between her conviction and death were spent in her own house saying goodby to her friends and making her toilet for her final appearance upon this earthly stage. Her accusers occupied the time in arranging a scaffold for her in the middle of the bridge across the Yuba. Two posts had been left standing in the center of the bridge, and below these they lashed two planks, which extended out over the rushing stream.

When the hour arrived Juanita appeared, walking among an escort of her



THE GIRL FACED DEATH CALMLY.

friends. She had dressed herself carefully in white; her black hair was neatly brushed and braided. On her head she wore a man's hat, lent by one of her friends. Her imperturbable calm was as marked as ever. It was impossible to notice a tremor in her step or voice. When she had heard the words of her conviction spoken she had given a little laugh. Now she was grave, but unmoved. She mounted the temporary scaffold, and taking off the hat sent it with a quick whirl of her wrist through the crowd to its owner. Then, turning to the right and left, making a gesture of farewell. With each bow she pronounced clearly and firmly the words, "Adios, mis amigos, adios!"

A few moments after her dead body hung quivering over the stream. The crowd dispersing to its cabins and tents with what feelings we may wonder.

## Historic Haddon Hall

In Bertha Galland's New Play Scenes From the Famous English Castle Are Reproduced in The Real Dorothy Vernon

Readers of Charles Major's novel, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," unless after the fashion of most fiction readers they skipped the preface, are aware that his heroine not only "had a local habitation and a name," but that her habitation is preserved to this day practically as it was in the days when Queen Elizabeth was a guest there.

In view of the fact that Dorothy Vernon, reincarnated in the charming person of Miss Bertha Galland, lives again on the stage this season in Paul Kester's dramatization of Mr. Major's historical romance, some account of her old home as described by C. S. Hall, F. S. A., is both timely and interesting to the theater-going public.

Mr. Hall writes as follows: "The history of Haddon, unlike that of most ancient baronial residences,

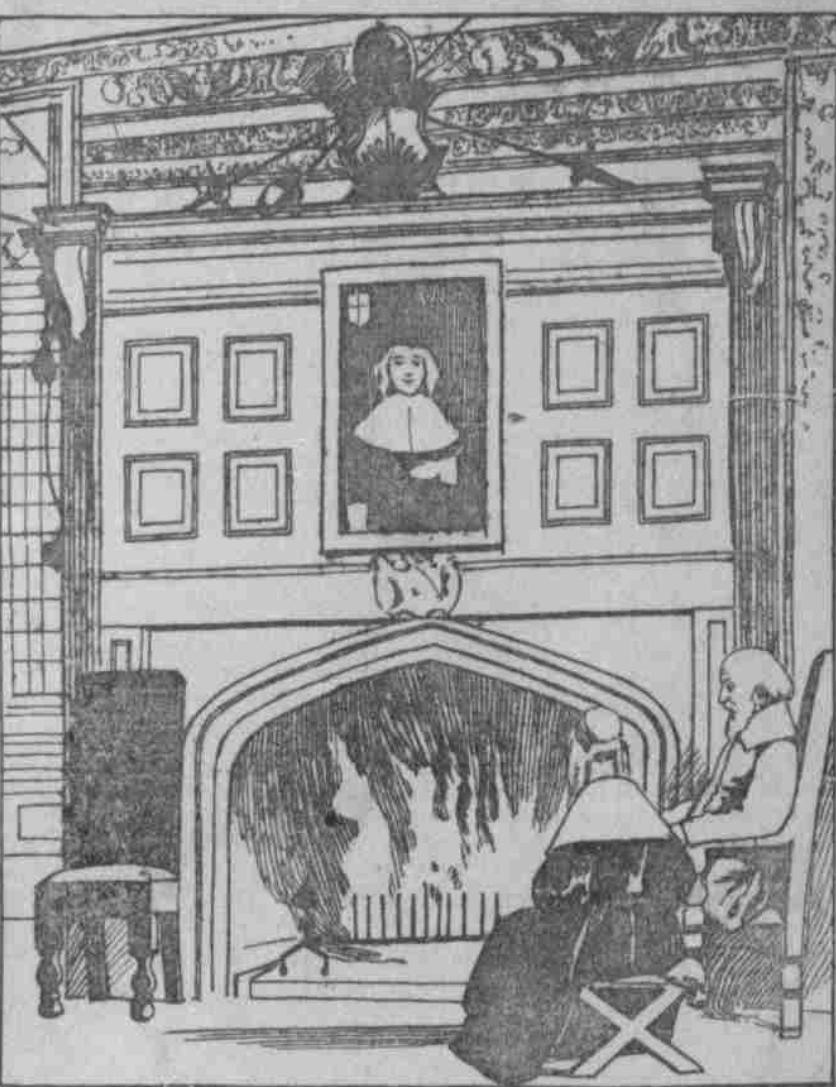
every year some forty beeves and from 400 to 500 sheep.

"At the time of taking the domain survey Haddon was a part of the king's manor of Bakewell. To whom it had belonged in the Saxon period is not clear. The first owner of whom there is any distinct knowledge is one Henry de Ferrars, who held it in 1089 and who, by grant of William the Conqueror, had no less than 114 manors in Derbyshire alone.

"Held later by the family of Avenel, it came, in the twelfth century, into the hands of the Vernons, who retained possession of it for 400 years. The most romantic figure in the history of the hall is the beautiful Dorothy Vernon, youngest daughter of Sir George Vernon. The story of her life, according to popular belief, is that, having formed a secret attachment to John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, an attachment which was opposed by her father, she was closely guarded and kept almost a prisoner. Her lover is said to have disguised himself as a forester and to have remained in hiding in the woods around Haddon for several weeks in order to obtain occasional brief meetings with Dorothy.

"At length, on a festive night at the hall, Dorothy is said to have stolen away unobserved in the midst of the merriment of the ballroom and to have quietly passed out of the door of the adjoining anteroom on to the terrace. Her lover received her, horses were in waiting, they rode all through the night in the moonlight and were married in Leicestershire the next morning. The door through which the heiress eloped is always pointed out to visitors as 'Dorothy Vernon's door.'

This scene, carefully constructed and painted from photographs of the actual



A FIREPLACE IN HADDON HALL. (This illustration was made from a painting of the original room in Haddon Hall, and from the painting in question and others have been designed scenes in the new play, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.")

has always been one of peace and hospitality, and, however much its owners may at one period or another have been mixed up in the stirring events of the ages in which they lived, Haddon itself has taken no part in the turmoil. It has been the stronghold of domestic life, and from none of the English manors can we gain a better idea of what true seigniorial hospitality in England must have been.

"A list of its offices alone, gathered from the curious description written in 1605 by Lyons, is sufficient to stimulate the imagination. There was the great kitchen, with its two enormous

spot, serves as the setting for the last act of the play and involves practically the reproduction of this whole wing of Haddon Hall on the stage, since all the windows are illuminated behind. Mr. Major makes Dorothy's elopement coincident with Queen Elizabeth's historic visit to Haddon and by romantic license makes Mary, queen of Scots, an unexpected guest at the hall that same evening, although he admits that there is no historic record of such a visit. However, the romance of Dorothy Vernon is a true story, for by this marriage Haddon Hall passed into the possession of the Rutland family, who still own it, although the present duke lives at Belvoir.

Several other views of Haddon Hall as it really is are shown, notably the ballroom, or long gallery, and Dorothy's drawing room, with its quaint mullioned windows overlooking the winter garden and what is known to this day as "Dorothy Vernon's walk." In short, the whole production, under direction of J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr., is as complete a series of pictures of life and manners in Elizabeth's time as was the former Major-Kester collaboration, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," of the days of her father, King Henry VIII.

Isabel Richards, who has been engaged to play Mary, queen of Scots, largely on account of her supposed resemblance to that beauty, is a Boston society girl.

She made her stage debut last season with James K. Hackett in "The Crisis," playing Eugene Renault. The period is supposed to be just after Queen Mary's flight from Scotland to throw herself upon the mercy of her royal cousin, Elizabeth of England, and Miss Richards has a very touching scene of parting from her retainers, especially her faithful court fool, before going to prison and the block.

ROBERT BUTLER.



ISABEL RICHARDS, WHO PLAYS QUEEN MARY.

fireplaces, its many special stoves, its pot and tetter books by the score, its great chopping blocks, its dressers of all sorts and sizes, its tables of solid oak, six or seven inches in thickness, its chopping troughs—every possible appliance of that age for keeping open house in the most lavish style.

"Adjoining the kitchen were a number of bakehouses, butteries, larders, pantries, salting rooms and the like. From 1690 to 1670, although the family only occasionally resided at Haddon, there were killed and consumed

### MISS ROOSEVELT'S NEW FAD

President's Daughter Forsakes Running Auto For Driving Tandem.

Miss Alice Roosevelt apparently has forsaken the automobile fad and taken to tandem driving, says a Washington special to the New York World. She never drove a tandem until the other afternoon, when she swept along the streets of Washington, round corners and up to the White House door with all the ease and nonchalance of an old time horsewoman.

Miss Roosevelt when she first came to the White House was only a daring rider on a level highway. Since then she has learned jumping, and now she can take the president's highest hurdle. She has followed the bounds, always coming in near the lead. She can drive a four horse coach team with grace, and she runs an automobile in a manner to take your breath away. She is daring and jaunty about it all, but never reckless.

Miss Roosevelt's companion of the afternoon and the owner of the jaunty turnout is one of her friends in the diplomatic set.

### Fate of Eiffel Tower.

Paris' Eiffel tower will stand for only a few years longer. A commission appointed to decide on the uses to which the Champ de Mars shall be put has ordered that the tower be torn down at the end of the concession, which expires in 1910.

### Killed by His Own Machine.

Cannjoharie, N. Y., Oct. 5.—William Nelson, aged twenty-four, an employee of the General Electric works, was killed at Mapletown while riding a motor cycle which was partly of his own invention.

### ZANGWILL ON THE JEWS.

The Novelist's Opinion of the Future of His People.

Israel Zangwill, the famous Jewish novelist, writing about the future of his race in the World's Work, says:

"Today Israel is face to face with a menace of disintegration more formidable than the legions of Titus. Without a rallying center, geographical or spiritual; without a synhedrion, without any principle of unity or of political action, without any common standpoint about the old book, without the old cement of dietary laws and traditional ceremonies, without even ghetto walls built by his friend the enemy, it is impossible for Israel to persist further, except by a miracle—of stupidity.

"It is a wretched thing for a people to be saved only by its persecutors or its fools. As a religion Judaism has still magnificent possibilities, but the time has come when it must be denationalized or renationalized."

### Economy of Dowie's Host.

One reason why Dr. John Alexander Dowie's followers can expend so much money on a religious expedition to New York is that, except in religion, they are economical, as Dowie says. They expend no money for doctors, dentists, theatricals, dancing, gambling, drinking, secret societies and numerous other things that eat big holes in the incomes of the average person, says a special dispatch from Waukegan, Ill., to the New York World. Dowie says: "We are amazed at the interest which is being shown on every side all over the American continent, and indeed all over the world, in our approaching visitation to the city of New York with the first lecture of Zion restoration host."

Phil King. Phil King has been trying to get to Washington to study law for some time. Now the old Princeton star is coaching Georgetown, where he may remain until the baseball season is over next spring.